

# After Long Years

## Unexplained Ocean Mystery Is Finally Solved

By HERBERT E. HAMBLETON  
Copyright by H. E. Hambleton.

"I had never seen jovial Jack Hargreaves so distraught. He whom I had known as a particularly abstemious man was taking his whisky straight and in amazing quantities. He entirely disregarded my friendly banterings. Suddenly, as though unable to resist an urgent desire to relieve his mind, he blurted out:

"Course you've heard of the Kate Eastman, Andy. Everybody has." "Kate Eastman? Kate Eastman?" I repeated. The name had a familiar ring to it, somehow, though I couldn't seem to just place her at the moment. "Was she a New York ship?" I asked. "No ship at all; 400 ton Baltimore bark."

"O-h, yes, to be sure I remember her," I interrupted. "She was picked up in the western ocean years ago, wasn't she? All sail set and no crew. Log book written up to the day before—captain's watch on the nail and still running—his wife's sewing machine with a seam half finished—partly eaten dinners in cabin and forecastle—boats all in place—no sign of a disturbance anywhere about her—and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes, that's her, only the details are a bit out, as usual with newspaper reports. You know, nothing has ever been heard from a single member of her crew from that day to this—the captain, his wife, nor nobody—though the consular service and the press of two continents worked at it for months. How old would you take me to be?" he asked, changing the subject with grotesque irrelevancy.

"Sixty," I replied unhesitatingly. "I ain't but fifty-three, and I look ten years older, all on account of that vessel. I've got to get this off my mind; it's tormented me long enough."

"She was the sweetest little thing you ever saw," he muttered, "bright and happy as the day was long. Cheeks—and eyes—and long brown curls—I can't remember the time we didn't play together. I always carried her books to school. She wouldn't go to church nor sing school with nobody but me. And when I went to see she promised to wait till I should get



"OH, DON'T, MR. HARGREAVES! PLEASE LET ME GO!"

a ship of my own. I worked hard and saved my money for three years. Then I got a letter from mother telling me that May was married—married to a captain—as though she got tired waiting. I went on a thundering big spree, and then I took to the western ocean. There were a few of the old packets left, and I fought my way up to mate, and there I stuck for five years.

"Then came that passage to the westward in the Chanticleer, when that gang of Liverpool rats tried to do me. They found they'd waked up the wrong passenger, though, and there was two of 'em that never saw the broadside of America. But I don't care nothing about that; that was justifiable maintenance of discipline.

"The ol' man give me what I had coming to me, and I left her at quarantine. I got the New York papers in Philadelphia and saw they were raking up my record from way back, so I shipped fore the mast in a schooner and went to Charleston, S. C. From there I shipped as mate of the Baltimore bark Kate Eastman, Sturgis, master. She had a cargo of turpentine in the hold and yellow pine lumber on deck and was bound for Antwerp. I had to make a pierhead jump of it when I got down to the wharf, 'cause the tug already had a hold of her. When I got the last of the sail on her I went below to see if that blasted board'n master had put any pipes and tobacco in my bag. Just as I reached the bottom step the cabin door opened and I looked right into the eyes of my little May. In that one glance I noticed how thin and poor and—yes, old—she had got. The rounded cheeks were sunken, and the merry snap was all gone out of the sweet blue eyes. She looked forlorn, poor little thing.

"I'd been batt'n it pretty well in Charleston for a week, and I suppose I looked pretty tough. But she knew me. She went white for a minute at sight of me. Then the waxy cheeks flushed, she stood staring and wavering, and then she went back in the cabin.

"Mrs. Sturgis kept her room for three days, and then I heard the ol' man tell her to come to the table and not act like a fool. He spoke to her

as you would to a foremast hand. She would never come on deck unless he was there; but one evening he left her at the rail across the break of the poop, and went below without her noticing. I hung in the wind a spell, and then I made up my mind to speak to her for fear I'd never get another chance.

"I stepped right up and touched her gently on the shoulder and I says: 'May.'

"She turned round quick and shot a terrified glance at me that went through me like a knife. My little May, that I made mud pies with, went to school with and slaved three years for—was afraid of me? She seemed about to faint. I threw caution to the dogs, stepped right up and put my arm around her. She fought and struggled with the senseless fear of a snared bird.

"'May,' said I, 'why didn't you wait for me? Why did you marry this man? I know you are not happy with him; he treats you like a dog!'

"'Mr. Hargreaves,' said the ol' man's voice right in my ear, 'I think the weather braces will stan' a little pull.' "He spoke in a low, clear tone that would have pierced armor plate. I have never been accounted a timid man, Andy. I've been through some pretty narrow squeaks in my time. I suppose I have faced as big odds on ship's decks—in the night, too, when you couldn't see what was coming—as most any man in the business, but I caved then, and I wasn't afraid of him, either. Next day at dinner I noticed a slight, reddish lump on her forehead. I rattled my knife and fork and glared at him, but he never looked up. I swear to you, Andy Thomas, if I'd been sure he had hit her I'd have throttled him across the table.

"Neither of us mentioned the subject, but of course it was knives out between us after that. She avoided me more carefully than ever, though I tried to show her that I wouldn't bother her again. Poor little soul, she had trouble enough without me bothering her. He was a cowardly bound—his treatment of his wife showed that—and he was scared to death of the cargo. You know turp gives off a gas almost as inflammable as gunpowder. The cabin was full of it. He wouldn't allow any lights below, so we had to turn in like trooper's horses, 'all standing,' for there would be no chance to dress when called out in a hurry, and he was forever poking his nose in the galley and warning the cook about the fire. The longer we were out the more nervous and fidgety he got. We kept the head pump rigged all the time and the hose stretched along.

"She had two old boats on the davits, but they were warped with age and neglect, so he bought a couple of condemned metallic lifeboats in Charleston that came out of a captured blockade runner—time of the war—and hung 'em in davits on each quarter. They were kept stocked with provisions and water and the falls flaked down clear for a hurry call. Once he came on deck in the night, yelling fire, and there was the devil an' all to pay before the Southerner wrynecks got the boats down. We nearly lost the biggest one before we got it hoisted again, and then he swore he'd perfect them in boat drill if he had to keep them on deck night and day for the rest of the passage. And he did too. He got them so you could hardly speak to the man at the wheel even without all hands dropping everything and making a break for them davit tackle falls.

"We raised St. Michaels. In the western islands, at 4 bells in the forenoon watch the day before Christmas, and before I went below to dinner I made a memorandum of it on the slate."

"That was the famous last entry on the log slate that was read by the crew who picked her up, wasn't it?" I interrupted.

"Yes, Andy, that was it. We had the wind from the south-west, the weather becoming thick and rather squally. I told the second mate for heaven's sake not to let her shake any of her rags off in the puffs, or the ol' man would go crazy. Then I went down to dinner. We had finished the pea soup, and I was glad to be that far along, for we were as glum as the sole survivors of a cholera ship. Suddenly there was a rumble on deck, as though all hands had gone crazy, and that fool of a second mate stuck his head down the scuttle and hollered out: 'Fire!'

"It seems the barefooted nigger cook had slipped up on the greasy brick floor in the galley and capsize a bucket of slush on the hot stove. Of course it flared up and made a lot of smoke, but that's all there was to it. The nigger, being to windward of it, opened the weather door to get out, and the draft blew the smoke out the lee galley door in clouds. The ol' man had got all hands about as badly rattled as himself, so when the second mate saw the smoke and the watch below rushing out of the forecastle to see what was up he opened his tazo, and the mischief was done.

"We flew on deck and the ol' man went plumb crazy at once. He never thought of the pump nor didn't ask anybody about the fire. He just yelled at the helmsman to put the wheel hard down and called all hands to get the boats out.

"May got into his boat, the lee one, with a couple of men to unhook the tackles. Poor little body, she was nearer fainting than on the night when I spoke to her! And not much wonder. A squall was on, and as the bark came to, with sheets slatting, an old sail ripping up here and there, the apparent force of the wind trebled by heading into it, and a thick haze over all, it was a scary enough job to take to those old rotten tin boats of his. The second mate and one man lowered his boat, while I worked hard to get mine down.

"We had no sooner shot clear than I heard cries of distress from the other side. We backed around the stern some how, and there was the ol' man's boat stove and foundering. They had got caught under the counter when the bark rolled, and the old can of a boat smashed like a rotten turnip. Poor little May gave up when she saw death reaching out for her with a sure grip. She held her arms out to me and cried:

"'Oh, Jack, save me! Save me! Dear, dear Jack, please don't let me drown; don't let me drown!'

"The legions of hell couldn't have kept her from me after that! I pulled the boat's stern together, reached over and drew her into my boat. Her arms were around my neck, her tears wet on my face, and her poor little bosom throbbing against my breast. As I laid her down in the stern sheets I swore he should never have her again. The wrecked boat sank and her crew swam to us. The ol' man got hold of the gunnel, and he says:

"'Give me a hand, Mr. Hargreaves.' "Never mind, you bound!' says I. 'You can't come in here. She's mine, now, an' I'll keep her!'

"He read his death warrant in his eye; but, coward though he was, he



"OH, JACK, SAVE ME! DEAR JACK, DON'T LET ME DROWN!"

fought like a cornered rat. My boat was half full of water, and I saw he was liable to upset us even if he failed to get aboard. May was screaming like a madwoman behind me. The thing had to be settled. I grabbed him by the throat and choked the life out of him. I held his head

FREE Write today for 25 pages. Art Post Cards to sell at 10c per dozen. When sold send \$2.00 and get choice of presents. PERLESS WATCH CO., Dept. 524 CHICAGO, ILL.

stopped struggling, then I let go, and he sank. May gave one fearful shriek and became quiet. When I got a chance to look at her she had fainted. It has been the one comfort of my life since that she never regained her senses.

"The bark had backed herself round somehow in a flaw, I suppose, filled away and was rapidly disappearing in a squall. It would be useless to chase her, so I headed for the land.

"The wind was a bit abate the beam, and we did fairly well. May lay in the stern sheets unconscious, but I was kept so busy steering that I couldn't do anything for her. We were making good progress toward the coast, which is quite bold thereabouts, when, without the slightest warning, the boat rode up on a hidden rock, turned turtle and sank like a stone.

"I caught the little woman as she was going down and struck out for the shore, which I judged to be less than a quarter of a mile away. There were shrieks and oaths behind me, where those poor devils were struggling each other in their wild efforts to keep afloat.

"The sea was heavy, and I had my clothes and one boot on. It took one hand to hold May, but I was a strong swimmer, and a couple of hundred fathoms more would do it. Twice May slipped from me, but I got her again. There is no doubt that she was dead—probably before the boat went down. Again I struck out, feebly, for the nearest point of rock on the shore. I reached it, but was too exhausted to climb out.

"I raised my sweetheart's face to mine, and while the salt water drained and gurgled from it, I kissed for the last time the lips I had always loved. Once more I spoke her name; but, as I said, she was long since dead. I held her close, pressed the dear form to my heart, took a farewell glance at the pitiless scene and let myself go down.

"The next day I came to my senses in a Portuguese fisherman's shanty under the cliff. The aged couple did what they could for me, caring for me as if I had been their own son, but as I was unable to understand each other I never learned how I came to be saved nor whether the bodies of May or any of the crew ever came ashore. When I got strong enough I shipped in a plum pudding, as they call those western ocean whalers, under the name you know me by."

"Jack," I said, the horror in my own voice adding to my agitation, "is that true?"

"As God is my judge, Andy, it is. I wish it wasn't."

I sprang to my feet and exclaimed: "You murdering old villain, you ought to be hanged!"

"I know it," he replied, hopeless remorse in his every accent, "and I wish I had been—years ago."

FREE Write today for 25 pages. Art Post Cards to sell at 10c per dozen. When sold send \$2.00 and get choice of presents. PERLESS WATCH CO., Dept. 524 CHICAGO, ILL.

The California market department asks for information as to the cost of producing eggs in Michigan, stating that eggs in that state are now being produced at an average cost of twenty-one cents a dozen. This is figuring on an output of 12,000 dozen eggs. The price of production in Michigan is estimated at twelve and one-half cents a dozen.

**A Long Lived Eagle.**  
It has been a tradition from time immemorial that the eagle renews its strength when very old. It mounts aloft until it comes very near the sun, when, scorched by the heat, it throws itself into the sea, whence it emerges full of renewed vigor.

Such have supposed that the passage in Psalm ciii, 5, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's," alludes to this old fable. But the more probable fact is that it refers to the strength and vigor which characterize the eagle even in old age.

In 1912 a large specimen of eagle was shot on the fford by the city of Nakskov, Denmark. Around its neck was fastened a small chain, to which was attached a small sealed bottle. On opening the bottle a note was found written in Danish, which, translated, read as follows, "Caught and again made free by N. and C. Anderson in the year 1792."—Exchange.

**The Leech as a Barometer.**  
A leech confined in a glass jar of water will prove an excellent weather prophet. If the weather is to continue fine the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the jar and rolled together in a spiral form. If it is to rain, either before or after noon, it is found to have crept up to the top of its lodging and there remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have wind the prisoner wriggles through his limpid habitation with amazing swiftness and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed the leech gives itself up to violent throes and convulsive motions. In frost, as in clear summer weather, it lies constantly at the bottom, and in snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling on the very mouth of the jar.

**The Well Connected Onion.**  
The onion, strange as it may seem, comes of an aristocratic family, from the stock of which have sprung many notable scions and lovely offshoots. The humble onion is own cousin to the stately lily, whether the lovely Lenten lily, the lily of the valley or the fair floating water lily, all these being of the great liliaceous race. The onion has other notable connections. It is also cousin to the daffodil, or narcissus, and it is even allied to the gigantic dragon tree of Tenerife, which bears little trace of the seemingly frail lily tribe, but is nevertheless a most stately lily. Thus it is plain the onion is of illustrious origin, though to the ordinary observer there is nothing classical or romantic about it.—Exchange.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY COMMISSION

Nov. 6, 1916.

Regular meeting of the Commission, Mayor DeYoung presiding. Members present, DeYoung, Hanscom, absent Rosewar.

The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and approved as printed.

### REPORTS OF CITY OFFICERS

The report of the justice of the peace, showing \$60.35 received in fees and fines during October, was presented and ordered filed. The report of the librarian for the month of October was presented and ordered filed. The report of the police department for the month of October was presented and ordered filed.

### NEW BUSINESS

The following resolution was presented and on motion same was adopted, ayes DeYoung, Hanscom:

Resolved by the Commission of the City of Owosso that the Mayor be and he is hereby authorized and instructed to give the notes of the city of Owosso in renewal of loans falling due at the Owosso Savings Bank, October 30th, as follows:

West Main Street Paving loan No. 265 for \$100.00.

Water Works loan No. 267 for \$3,000.

Said loans to bear date of Nov. 8, 1915, and to become due and payable Nov. 8, 1917, and to bear interest at a rate not exceeding five per cent per annum.

The following resolution was presented and on motion of Mr. Hanscom same was adopted, ayes DeYoung, Hanscom:

Resolved by the Commission of the City of Owosso that the claims and accounts hereto attached be approved and the Mayor and Clerk are hereby instructed to issue warrants on the City Treasurer against the various funds for amounts shown:

### FROM CONTINGENT FUND

A Hutchinson	75
Consumers Power Co.	1 80
Southard & DeYoung	6 20
Mich State Tel Co.	1 15
M DeYoung	80
Western Union Tel Co.	50
Marble Bros.	3 34
Owosso Gas Light Co.	1 12
Gavril Auto Co.	1 10
E J Russell	7 15
W J Simpson	3 50
F R Porter	3 75
Doubleday Hunt Dolan Co.	3 75
F Myers	8 25
J Porter	1 00
C G Eaton	4 09

### FROM POLICE DEPARTMENT FUND

Phillips & Taylor	7 50
J Sprout	50
Mich State Tel Co.	6 50
Gavril Auto Co.	58
W Simpson	1 50
F Scobell	3 50
Frank Mack	3 39
Robt Crane	3 39
Robt Smith	2 39
Fred Good	2 39
M King	2 39
F Porter	2 39
W S Patterson	17 50
G J DeYoung	19 14
W S Fuller	12 75
A Gerard	16 75
M Kerby	15 75

### FROM GENERAL STREET FUND

Moyes & Howell	10 19
Austin Western Road Mach'y Co.	300 00
J H Laverock	4 50
Watson Machine Shop	4 49
J C Colliard	20 25
Store & Def. Fund	4 05
D Sprack	1 50
E Hesse	13 25
J Heit	12 25
C Gilfill	13 25

### FROM INTEREST AND SINKING FUND

Expense account	25
Owosso Store account	160 40

### FROM FIRE DEPARTMENT FUND

Tower Jackson	5 70
Consumers Power Co.	3 80
B F Revemann	3 80
Gamewell Fire Alarm Tel Co.	3 80
Eaton Clark Co.	5 80
F Aberle & Co.	5 75
Hughes & Son	5 75
Owosso Gas Light Co.	3 16
Owosso Store account	21 40
A E Oster Co.	1 00
Owosso Store account	11 00

### FROM WATER WORKS FUND

Consumers Power Co.	6 45
Owosso Savings Bank	153 33
Mich State Tel Co.	1 74
O W Fishbeck	2 42
Owosso Gas Co.	1 50
H S McKeedy	1 65
Ed Koch	9 20
O Henderson	2 50
F Millsbaugh	13 50
H Keyes	13 50
J Porter	8 75
W J Hall	1 35
Jonah Hall	1 35

### FROM SPRINKLING FUND

J Powers	24 00
H Hoose	24 00
C Packard	24 00

### FROM LIGHT FUND

Consumers Power Co.	719 75
---------------------	--------

### FROM CORUNNA ROAD SEWER NO. 3 FUND

Store and Def fund	3 80
--------------------	------

### From the S. Washington St. Pavement No. 1 Fund

Lloyd Hicks	13 00
Moyes & Howell	3 50
H S McKeedy	15 10
Fred Burbanck	8 80
Fred Welch	150 16
A E Oster Co.	2 50
Sturtevant & Hlood Co.	70
John Frischie	157 08
D Tucker	15 00
R Hauswith	16 10
J Hutchings	15 10
Arthur Kirby	16 50
Bert Moritz	13 75
David Cope	22 50
Frank Myers	14 00
J M Ulan	18 50
J S Warren	18 50
P DeVos	15 50
J Q Abel	13 50
J D Austin	15 50
Paul Markovic	16 10
I J Hammond	10 00
M Mansor	8 25
Henry Willis	14 00
Store and Deficiency Fund	17 00
J C Colliard	6 75
H Peterson	24 00
Wm Hurlen	24 00
Joe Nelson	24 00
Owosso Store Account	30 10

### FROM LIBRARY FUND

Consumers Power Co.	2 15
Kurt Patterson	13 00

### FROM PARK FUND

Store and Def fund	1 80
H Johnson	9 80

### FROM BENTLEY PARK FUND

John Forsyth	14 50
C C Wright	3 83
Robt Smith	21 14
Thos Maynard	18 10
Ed Hayes	8 10
Owosso Store Account	45 75

### STORE & DEFICIENCY FUND

Owosso Store account	11 25
Fred Welch	1 21
Geo Preet	15 00

On motion of Mr. Hanscom the Commission adjourned, ayes DeYoung, Hanscom.

JAS. DE YOUNG, Mayor.  
ARTHUR H. DUMOND, City Clerk.

FREE Write today for 25 pages. Art Post Cards to sell at 10c per dozen. When sold send \$2.00 and get choice of presents. PERLESS WATCH CO., Dept. 524 CHICAGO, ILL.

## THE SEASON'S GREATEST VALUES IN

## Women's Suits and Coats at \$15

Tailored and Fur-Trimmed

## Stylish Suits

at \$15.00

One Model Pictured

Manufacturers who specialize in the production of high-grade suits at popular prices have co-operated with us in bringing about this important sale. They are suits that follow closely the lines of high-priced models. Fashioned of Serge, Broadcloth, Diagonals and novelties, in black, navy, blue, brown and other desirable colors. Many trimmed with fur. Norfolk, belted and slightly fitted styles.

Exquisite Little Party Dresses of Silk \$15

## A Great Sale of WINTER COATS

at \$15.00

Just the coats at a popular price that will appeal to women and young women desiring a coat for general wear at modest cost. Made up from Velours, Broadcloths, Pebble Cheviots and striking mixtures and plaids, in all wanted colors.

B. SIEGEL & CO. MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY TAKEN CARE OF

CORNER WOODWARD & STATE, DETROIT, MICH.

